

1601/622.

THE
BLOOD-HOUNDS,
A
POLITICAL TALE.

Inscribed to the

EARL OF BUTE.

Actæon Ego sum, Dominum cognoscite vestrum.

OVID.



L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by W. GRIFFIN, in FETTER-LANE.

MDCCLXIII.

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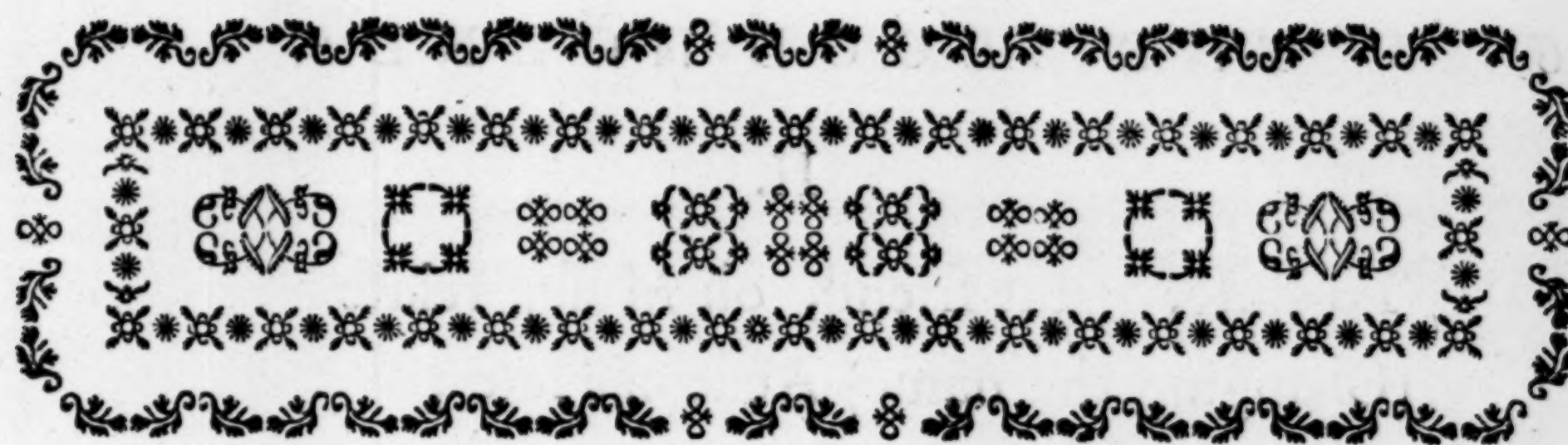
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BLOOD-HOUNDS

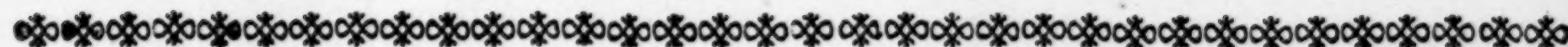
POLITICAL TALES

EARL OF BUTE





T H E
B L O O D - H O U N D S,
A
P O L I T I C A L T A L E.



I.

C ***

CORINTHIAN Column! *true* sublime!
Fautor, and Fav'rite of my rhyme!
Thy king's, thy country's glory!
Of Whigs I chant---long---long in pay;
But turn and turn about's fair play;
So here begins my story.

B

To

II.

To Bute, great friend, oh Muse, relate
 (Changing the name) Actæon's fate ;
 Of old a rare difaster,
 But, now-a-days, a common thing ;
 BRUHLS often, now, devour a king,
 And Hounds *eat up* a master,

III.

There reign'd, not many twelvemonths since,
 O'er wide domains a potent prince,
 The Chase, his darling pleasure :
 His hounds were of the Southern breed,
 Not one of 'em had cross'd the Tweed ;
 The pack----a royal treasure,

IV.

At first they fawn'd, like faithless friends ;
 They lick'd the dust ; to gain their ends
 They crawl'd upon their bellies :
 Oaths of submission they gulp'd down :
 But oaths, held sacred by a clown,
 Bind not your *Machi'vellies*.

Of



V.

Of all the kennel, not one hound
Was seen to lie on the bare ground,
On velvet beds *they* rested:
The parks they hunted were their own,
At least for life---Grants of the crown
Irrevocably vested.

VI.

Blood-hounds, my lord, ne'er quit the scent:
What would they more? Fruition went
Fore-running e'en their wishes:
Insatiates!---hadn't Ye, unchastiz'd,
For Self and Co. monopoliz'd
All the best loaves and fishes?

VII.

Pack, as you list, Court-cards, the Knaves
Turn up all Tyrants or all Slaves,
As more or less their pow'r:
Give 'em the reins, no doubt they'll *drive---*
Great luck! if you're *set down* alive,
Or lodg'd not in the Tow'r.

Our

VIII.

Our prince, thus *driv'n*, each hour must see
 His hobby-horse authority
 Loaded with fresh disgraces.

He strove to gain the pow'r he lost ;
 The pack *oppose*; they'll rule the roast,
 Or throw up all their places.

IX.

Dubious, three days, the conflict stood:
 At length, to staunch so much *ill-blood*,
 The bullied prince knocks under.

In loud huzzas the kennel rings,
 "Long live all governable kings ;"
 And "hark away ! to plunder."

X.

The play begins---each takes his part ;
 Each a great artist in the art
 Of Office-Peculation*.

Clio, let's peep behind the scenes,
 Then advertise, "New ways and means
 " Safely to bleed a nation."

* Peculatus, eorumquæ ad remp. seu principem pertinent, furtum est, quasi peculium faciens ex eo quod erat publicum, & universitatis.

AMB. CALEPIN's Dict.

XI.

Amongst the *First* RATES first was seen
A Sea-dog, head of the marine;
In South-sea charts no scholar,
Yet wise enough not to let slip
A rich prize, Acapulco ship,
And pocket every dollar.

XII.

Next came a supple, docile whelp---
Yelping (whenever bid to yelp)
Bellona's Secretary:
This *Chien Scavant* learnt many a trick,
Could sign his name, jump o'er a stick,
Couch, set, beg, fetch and carry.

XIII.

A smirking, dapper, dangling spark,
Constantly running in the Park
After a pack of bitches:
This in a CORNETCY he drest:
That in a COMPANY looks best:
A *third* a TROOP enriches.

C

His

XIV.

His *fourth*, a noble bitch indeed,
One of the true *King Charles's* breed,

COMMISSION ON COMMISSION.

He gave---but whether he went snacks,
Or took it out in smiles and smacks,
We know not with precision.

XV.

Gripus next open'd : he, o'er floods
Wide spread, high mounds, deep woods,
The stag knew *close* to follow :
He knew to catch the *distant* trail :
Did *Gripus* flourish but his tail,
You heard a full-view hollow.

XVI.

Great was his credit---puissant lord---
Consulted much at council-board,
And o'er the whole dominion :
In reas'ning, calm ; in law, profound :
Weighty in speech ; in judgement, found :
Sententious, in opinion.

Yet

XVII.

Yet mean by birth, by nature mean :
 In private life's domestic scene
 Sordid beyond expression :
 And hence the Marriage-act---his plan---
 An act abhorr'd by * God and Man,
 Yet Felony 'n transgression.

XVIII.

But, by this act, e'en Envy owns,
 He got rich wives for all his sons---
 And that's immensely clever.
 Thrice happy sons! the adage cries,
 Whose father, when he shudd'ring dies,
 Goes plump---to hell for ever.

* The Marriage-act is not only an unnatural restraint upon the human species, in direct opposition to the first injunction of God, in a most unlimited sense, laid upon his creatures, "Increase and multiply:" but it is an apparent, and, perhaps, unwarrantable infringement of the very first article of Magna Charta, which unalterably confirms to the clergy the full enjoyment of all their Liberties, Franchises, and IMMUNITIES.

Montesquieu.

Tottering,

XIX.

Tottering, with AGE upon his back,
 Next came the LEADER of the pack,
 But much the worst hound in it:
 Fine politicks! when last goes first:
 Durable state! where all's revers'd,
 By blunderers ev'ry minute.

XX.

Nor quick of foot, nor quick of scent
 Was he---so dog-trot on he went,
 Without fear, thought, or reason.
 In all transactions he begun
 Or much too late, or much too soon,
 And always out of season.

XXI.

Fetch, fetch the nurse; bring clouts to spare,
 An ample *Slav'ring-bib* prepare,
 With coral, bells and cradle:
 A babe *I'm bringing forth* with joy,
 Seventy years old, near six feet high,
 And head---brimful of addle.

Nature

XXII.

Nature design'd it for a fool,
But it must needs pretend to *rule* ;
 And *rule* it did this nation.
Albion!--how could thy haughty court
So meanly stoop! so long support
 Its craz'd administration!

XXIII.

Open ye doors! behold him come
Head-foremost, in his levy-room:
 Can ye refrain from laughing?
To see him screwing up his face
And wreath his buttocks twenty ways,
 Just like an old cow ca'ving.

XXIV.

A Jackanapes, a dancing BEAR,
A merry Andrew at a fair,
 Doling his Tom-fool's jargon;
A fair---where merchants press in shoals,
To sell their votes, themselves, their souls,
 And *wait* to clinch the bargain.

D

His

XXV.

His levee---what a carrion-mob?
 Scenting, far off, a *warm* fat job,
 And snuffing up the favour:
 Smugglers, Contractors, Brokers, Jews:
 What minister could well refuse
Such Friends to slight a favour?

XXVI.

Of * *gorg'd Vitellius* to be sure
 You've read, the *greatest* epicure †,
 Save that hog Heliogabulus:
Their tables, when compar'd to his,
 Wou'd seem but half-crown ord'naries,
 Howe'er, till now, deem'd fabulous.

* Aulus Vitellius, epulas trifariam semper, interdum quadrifariam dispertiebat, in Jentacula, et Prandia, et Cœnas, et commessationes; facile omnibus sufficiens *vomitandi consuetudine*. Indicebat autem aliud alii eadem die: nec cuiquam minus singuli apparatus quadringenis millibus nummum constituerant. Famosissima super cæteras fuit cœna ei data adventitia à fratre, in qua duo millia lectissimorum piscium, septem avium, apposita traduntur.

C. Suet. Tranq. Aulus Vitellius.

† Heliogabulus cœnas Vitellii vicit.

Ælii Lamprid. Ant. Heliogabulus.

XXVII.

What?---Executions! Sheriffs! Duns!
 See how his butcher, poult'rer runs!
 (By their *long bills* we know them)
 Here quick his fishmonger resorts,
 With belly-pamp'ers of all sorts,
 To *gut* this PRINCE of GOTHAM.

XXVIII.

His plate they pawn, his woods they fell---
 His old paternal seats they sell.
 Thus *paunch'd*, liv'd he *more* sparing?
 Say, can the Leopard change one spot?
 Nor was his gluttony one jot
 Less bounded, or less glaring.

XXIX.

What funds such havock can supply?
 Funds!--Can't he *fund* th' Exchequer dry?
 Why not? or where's the wonder?
 For, let the nation sink or swim,
 What's that to Gripus or to him,
 So they but share the plunder?

Thus

XXX.

Thus, in the fens of Lincolnshire,
 I've seen a *tame* goose twice a year
 Despoil'd of ev'ry feather.
 Blow, blow North wind! freeze, freeze bleak sky!
 Snug on warm down the spoilers lie:
 They *feel*---no change of weather.

XXXI.

Next caught the scent, of all the hunt
 The noisiest dog, but cursed blunt,
 And given much to *Biting*:
 He triumph'd o'er the STAG and Hare:
 The Fox-chase was a sport (tho' rare).
 He took no great delight in:

XXXII.

Thunder his name: you heard a-far
 His roaring voice: champion for war,
 But not so mad to fight in't:
 His lavishment was daily shewn
 Of life, limb, wealth (when not his own)
 And pray now was'nt he right in't?

This

XXXIII.

This king of kings, with mod'rate drain
 Of only---ninety thousand men,
 And eighty millions Sterling,
 Conquer'd, as in HIS map you'll see,
 All Canada in Germany,
 And *reck'ning* paid at Berlin..

XXXIV.

Thus *Salique** river-gods give law
 To France, a realm they never saw---
 State quirk---his'd now at Paris :
 Frenchmen *again* begin to own
 The distaff title to her crown
 (If LAW be LAW) no bar is.

But

* The Salique law pretends, "that the crown of France shall descend to the next Heir-Male, and exclude all Females." *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant* is the text on which the French establish this law. But this law was made in Germany, to discountenance the libidinous manners of some German women in a particular part of Germany, and had no relation to France. Pharamond, whom the French affirm to be the author of this constitution, died above 350 years before the French were placed beyond the river *Sala*. Now, let any person, who understands the nature and force of a positive law, judge whether there be the least colour or foundation for this

XXXV.

But, *sunile* and *episode*
 Apart---let the high beaten road
 Of common conversation
 Prove, by unrav'ling all the plot,
 Whether HE merited, or not,
 The people's adoration.

XXXVI.

NETTLES will grow on ev'ry ground:
 And Cæsars, tho' suppress'd, are found
 To shoot-up in all regions:
 Yet, e'er the *Rubicon* they pass,
 Some Cæsars take great care to raise
 A few MILITIA-legions.

Salique constitution. For it is a maxim granted, "That a law is the direction
 "of the person that governs, to be observed by those that are governed."
 How then can the Gallicane crown devolve, or descend, according to the
 custom of the *Salians*, if the French crown be not subject to the people of
Salia: but where this country of *Salia* should be, no geographer or histo-
 rian, antient or modern, can tell us:---This note is excerpted from a work
 now in the press, which will be published in a few days, intituled, "*Droit*
le Roy."

What

XXXVII.

What could our *Vidi, vici*, mean?

(Pity the *Veni* can't come in!)

What could our CÆSAR drive at?

Was it his sacred love of Fame?

Or Public-Good?---Celestial flame!

No---no---his views were private.

XXXVIII.

Give me the same materials, *viz.*

Sham gout, an *unembarrass'd* phiz,

An *beav'n-born* cant when needed;

I'll get a peerage for *my* wife,

A good round income for *my* life.

And that is just what he did.

XXXIX.

The hounds, observe 'em in full cry,

All join the chase, yet scarce know why,

Save half a dozen leaders:

The rest, I mean the SMALL-CRAFT crew,

Mere *Noes* and *Yeas*, are kept for shew,

For Fill-ups, or for Breeders.

'Twas

XL.

'Twas pleasant, nay, 'twas *pleasure-trove*,
To mark the trade these pedlars drove :

These remnant, scrap-retailers :
Great haberdashers of *small-wares*,
A swarm of petty-larceners,
Mere crib-shreds, cabbage-tailors.

XLI.

They fold half wax-lights *by pound-weight*,
Hot broken victuals, *by the plate* :

Small and strong beer by *pailfuls* :
Coals, *by the bushel*,---and the gang
So num'rous, were they *all* to hang,
They'd drain a dozen jailfuls.

XLII.

Quick their returns, but small their gain,
Especially for good Champagne,

Prime Burgundy, and Claret;
All fold *per flask* : 'twas charming sport,
Repeated every day at court :
The king could scarcely bear it.

Run-down

XLIII.

Run-down, Actæon-like, *one* time
 He bay'd the pack---the heinous crime!
 They all vow'd vengeance on him:
 Weary'd, and worry'd thus to death,
 The Royal STAG resign'd his breath---
 Lie light, oh Earth! upon him---

XLIV.

Britons! if in this glass you see
 The lively pourtrait of a free,
 Abus'd, resenting nation,
 Lab'ring beneath th' oppressive weight
 Of an abandon'd, profligate,
 Burlesque administration:

XLV.

The pack, thank Heaven, tho' late, at last
 Are all *relegu'd*: their day is past;
 Proscrib'd their whole venality:
 The crew and pilot wreck'd we find:
 No mark, no trace is left behind
 Of all this *Great-Canaility*.

XLVI.

Them to succeed, a statesmen came,
 So free from vice, so void of blame,
 So much above man's level
 One might mistake him for a God
 Descending from his bright abode.
 To rid us of the Devil.

XLVII.

Frugal, with splendour he appear'd ;
Abroad ador'd---*at home* rever'd :
 By none aspers'd in Satyre,
 Save those, whose praise were disesteem,
 Or those, whose tongues and hearts blaspheme
 Their Christ and their Creator.

XLVIII.

His system ~~peace~~; so unconfi'd
 It breath'd---" the good of all mankind :
 " One, universal charity :"
 Obvious, the means : humane, the ends :
 All Christendom *at once* were friends :
 Behold a Christian rarity !

Welcome,

XLIX.

Welcome, *fair exile*, to this shore!
 Didst not thou stem thro' fields of gore
 Thy passage, trembling-- fainting?
 Silence ye cannons! trumpets! drums!
Peace, with her three historians, comes,
 "Poetry, Sculpture, Painting."

L.

Colours, speaking with warmth shall tell
 How Britons conquer'd ~~as they~~ fought, or fell:
 The *Bust* with faithful traces
 Shall *hand* to wond'ring TIME our king:
 While *Verse* her tribute too shall bring
 "A laurel-wreath of praises."

LI.

The horrid din of War is o'er:
 Rapine and Butch'ry are no more:
 Famine herself is starving:
 The friendly monarchs sheath the sword,
 And meditate to well-reward
 Heroes, so well deserving.

Illustrious

LII.

Illustrious GEORGE to public view
 Hangs forth the picture that he drew,
 His own great story telling,
 HE blends all social ties in one,
 Friend, Brother, Husband, Son,
 In each, in all excelling.

LIII.

Give your stage mimics but a hint,
 They'll take you off a lisp, a squint,
 Or any incorrection :
 With ease we imitate defects,
 But 'tis a science too complex
 To copy "a Perfection.

LIV.

'Tis not alone the work of Art,
 Nature her aid must first impart
 And lay the good foundation.
 'Tis ours to ornament her plan.
 NATURE rough-forms the heart, on MAN
 Depends the cultivation.

Not

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS.

LV.

Not this a task for WAR---War deals
In Blood---Murder his trade---he steels
The heart with inhumanity.
Mild change! the rays of Peace now shine::
Be it OUR HARVEST to refine
On systems of Christianity.

LVI.

Commerce already rears her head,
Joyous to see her regions spread:
T' enrol new sons of Freedom:
Britons, themselves born free and brave,
Conquer---mankind to disenlave,
Or make proud tyrants dread 'em.

LVII.

Happy the clime! where Freedom reigns::
Whether on *Florida's* parch'd plains,
Or (eight-months froze) *Montreal!*
Liberty! thy all-cheering beam
Makes fancied raptures real seem,
And horrors prove ideal.

Happy

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS

LVIII.

Happy the land! where Freedom reigns!
There no SLEIGHT forge new chains;
No NERDES rave, despotic;
Oh Albion! realm of Liberty!
Blest realm! thy subjects all are FREE:
Thy monarch PATRIOTIC.

LVI.

FINIS

